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THE SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY CONCERT.—Messrs. Bateman & Harrison will give their 17th Sunday Concert at Steinway Hall, to-morrow evening, on which occasion Mr. Chaudin, basso, will make his second appearance, Mr. Wenzel Koptka, violinist, will make his third appearance, and Theodore Thomas' popular Orchestra will perform a choice selection of instrumental music.

OUR UTILITARIAN AGE.—A NEW BUTTON.—The world has bowed down before steam—it has lifted its hat to the miracles of electricity; but what style of homage it will pay to the New Button remains to be seen, but certainly it cannot be less than canonization or adoration. Bachelors will bless it, for they can hereafter defy both needles and thread. Wives will bless it, because their husbands will have no legitimate reason for growling that their buttons are not sewed on. Husbands will eventually bless it, because they will not have to stand fuming with impatience, while having a button sewn on either on the neck or the wristband.

The "Carlos Universal Self-fastening Button" is the eighth or tenth wonder of the world. It requires no needle to perforate, no washer, no separate shank, no fastening nut, no mechanical slot in the button itself; it is simply an ordinary button with a pointed shank, which you press through the cloth and it is fastened for ever. You can put it in in a second, and can take it out in half a second. Button and fastener are one and indivisible.

With other devices in the self-fastening button line, if you lose or mislay the needle you are lost, if you lose the shank you are in despair, if you lose the nut you are hopeless; but with the "Carlos Universal Self-fastening Button" you cannot lose the fastening without losing the button, and while the buttons are safe you are independent of wife or sister, and needle and thread!

The principle can be applied to every style of button, whether it be metal, glass, porcelain, wood, gold or any other kind of material, or for ladies' cloaks, or gentlemen's coats, studs, shirts, &c. It is universal in its application, and efficient in all respects.

It has one other virtue which, as about a thousand millions of buttons are sold every year, is not to be despised, namely, it will add but little, if any, to the original cost of the button, while it will make every individual button a free and independent institution. Seriously speaking, the Carlos Universal Self-fastening Button is the neatest, most perfect, most simple, and most useful little invention of the age. So long as the material lasts in which it is inserted it can never come off, although it can be removed in an instant. We can recommend this self-fastening button to all our friends, for we have tried it in every way, and find it not only to be good but invaluable.

PERDITA!

Sweet flowerets in your path up-spring
As carelessly you stray;
And chirping birds upon the wing—
The time is early May—
Make the sweet scene more gay.

The green grass yieldeth to your feet,
And odors are exprest;
The waters murmur music sweet
Without a pause or rest,
To welcome our loved guest.

The very Beetle hums a song,
The Bee, as it goes by,
Stops in its flight, and pauses long,
As if it fain would try
Your lips' bright purple dye.

The timid Hind knows not a fear,
But crouches at your feet,
The faithful Doves, in covert near,
Coo forth a soft entreat
To gain your smile so sweet.

In you all Nature doth rejoice,—
All own your subtle charm,—
The magic of your eye and voice
And smile so true and warm,
All evil things disarm.

You are in truth so wondrous fair,
The Winds, as they pass by,
Do wanton with your clustering hair
Then melt into a sigh,
As blest near thee to die.

Then is it strange I own your charm,
Since all things love you so?
Your blushing beauty, young and warm,
Your spirit's gentle flow,
Replete with Nature glow.

I worship Nature then in You,
For you all good combine!
I render homage where 'tis due,
And at your pure heart's shrine,
I lay this love of mine.

HENRY C. WATSON.

GOOD NEWS.—A TRUE GRAND GRAND PIANO FOUND.—Wehli thought when he became seized and possessed of Chickering's noble Grand Piano, christened No. 50, that he had got the best instrument in America or Europe. But he was mistaken, for strolling a day or two since through Chickering's ware-room he ran his fingers over the keys of a piano just from the factory, and immediately fainted—nearly. He claimed it at once, saying that in power and beauty it was two "50's" rolled into one, that is, it was a hundred per cent better than any instrument he had ever played upon. Scharfenberg tried it and declared that it had all the grand points of the Erard, and many grand points that the Erard had not.

It is the finest instrument we ever heard, from any country whatsoever. It has all the ringing quality of the Erard, with double its power. But the power is so beautifully balanced, that none of the registers predominate. It is vocal throughout; its sonority is pure tone and no noise, and that tone in its richness and brilliancy can hardly be expressed in words. We sincerely believe that it is the finest Grand Piano in the world to-day.

MATTERS THEATRIC.

Mr. Booth's latest parts are Pescara in "The Apostate," and Ruy Blas in Victor Hugo's powerful drama of that name. Mr. Booth's Pescara is a truly fine performance; well and truthfully conceived and acted, brimful of devilish malignity and, in short, possessing all those requisites which go to make up a perfect piece of acting. Pescara is a part that is seldom essayed now-a-days, owing to the somewhat passe style of the play, and Mr. Booth is not submitted to the ordeal of comparison with other actors in his personation of it. The play itself, after all, is but a sorry mess of bombast and rhodomontade and is only galvanized into a sort of artificial life by the gentleman's good acting, he being the best representative of the vindictive Spaniard since the days when his father electrified throngs of admirers in the same role. Of the support afforded Mr. Booth it is impossible to speak favorably; Messrs. Barton Hill and Leffingwell making but little of the strongly drawn characters of Nemaya and Malec, while Miss Ida Vernon was uncommonly weak and unimpressive as Florinda, a part that was specially written for the great Miss O'Neil and is full of so many passionate speeches and effective situations that Miss Vernon's comparative failure in it was rendered still more noticeable.

"Ruy Blas" was performed at a Matinee on Wednesday to a good house, Mr. Booth playing the title part with considerable success but lacked somewhat the fire and energy which he threw into it last season.

Mr. Barton Hill's Don Salluste is too stagey and melodramatic to be altogether satisfactory, while the Queen of Mme. Methua Schiller is marked by the many faults of elocution and action in which that lady is prone to indulge.

"Hamlet" was produced on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, Mme. Ponisi playing the Queen, in the absence of Miss Ida Vernon who was prevented by illness from appearing. Mme. Ponisi is one of the most reliable and finished actresses upon the stage, and it is a great pity that she is not seen oftener on the New York boards, as her performances are invariably satisfactory and enjoyable.

The great attraction of the week at Wallack's has been the production of Mr. T. W. Robertson's new play of "Ours," which was brought out on Wednesday evening before a large and enthusiastic audience.

Mr. Robertson will be remembered as the author of "Society," which met with considerable success at this establishment last season, and although "Ours" does not possess so clear a plot as the author's former production, it is still characterized by the same grace and sprightliness of dialogue and truth to human nature.

The story is briefly this: Lieut. Angus McAllister (Mr. Ringgold), loves, and is beloved by, Blanche Noye, an heiress, (Miss Henriques). Now Angus is the soul of honor and chivalry, but like many an other soul of h. and c. is not possessed of a penny in the world and as a natural consequence Col. Sir Alexander Shendryn (Mr. Gilbert), and Lady Shendryn, (Miss Morant), the guardians of Blanche, very sensibly object to the marriage of the young folks, who, to tell the

truth, hardly know their own minds on the matter, having found a more fitting spouse for the young lady in one Prince Pervosky, (Mr. Fisher), a wealthy Russian nobleman.

Meantime McAllister's regiment is ordered to the Crimea and the young soldier starts for the war, bearing with him a love token from Blanche, who has at last confessed her love. Hugh Chalcote (Mr. Lester Wallack), who is present and witnesses the departure of the regiment, becomes so fully imbued with patriotic fervor and enthusiasm, that he too determines to purchase a commission and go to the Crimea, and the curtain descends on the second act to the strains of the band of "Ours" and the delighted antics of Hugh.

Lady Shendryn and her husband during all this time have been squabbling and fighting with unwonted connubial pertinacity, and on the Colonel's departure she refuses to bid him farewell, imagining him to be false to her, from the fact that several sums of money have been lately missing from the family income, for which she is unable and he refuses to account for.

This brings us to the third act, where we are introduced to an officer's hut and quarters in the Crimea. Of course it would be impossible to end the play without the ladies—so Blanche, Lady Shendryn and Mary Netly (Miss Gannon) appear upon the scene—McAllister and Blanche are of course united, the matrimonial difficulties of Col. and Lady S. are mutually explained and settled; Chalcote discourses that he is very much in love with Mary, proposes to her over an Irish stew, is accepted and the curtain goes down on an imposing tableau and the strains of the "McAllister March" played by the band of "Ours."

This, it will be seen, is but a slight plot, yet Mr. Robertson has contrived to throw such a sparkle and grace into the dialogue, that one is lost along from scene to scene while criticism is carried in admiration.

The acting throughout is excellent, and it is almost invidious to make distinctions where there is so much that is worthy of praise, still I cannot refrain from referring to Mr. Wallack's admirable performance of the part of Chalcote, which is exquisitely droll and humorous, as well as thoroughly artistic in every particular.

The mounting of the play is superior, if possible, to anything that has yet been done at this establishment and on the first night each succeeding scene was received with unbounded and enthusiastic applause.

Taken altogether, "Ours" may be pronounced a decided success and will doubtless enjoy a long run.

Mr. Owens has returned to the scene of his former triumphs, the Broadway Theatre, and is delighting the habitués of that establishment by his excellent personation of "Solon Shingle."

Herod is out—Herod—the "Black Crook" has lost its crookedness—"Cendrillon" has borne off the palm in abbreviated petticoats! In short, the long-expected event has taken place—"Cendrillon" has come, has been seen, and has decidedly conquered. Its dialogue, it is true, is undeniably flat and stupid—but then its groupings are artistic; its costumes are magnificent, its petti-

coats are very short—and la belle Hinckley is superb!

With all these attractions it cannot fail to be a success, and let us sincerely hope that it will be, for Messrs. Smith and Baker have labored arduously to entrap that fickle maiden, Fortune, and "Cendrillon" has been gotten up with so much good taste and judgement that the f. m. really should smile on her pursuers.

The shortness of the petticoats may perhaps shock some of the more delicate nerved, but then a petticoat is but a petticoat after all, and whether it be a long petticoat or a short petticoat what moots it? "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and there is no earthly reason why a beautiful woman should not look quite as beautiful in a short petticoat as in a long one—so *vive la bagatelle* and confusion to long petticoats.

SHUGGE.

ART MATTERS.

The exhibition of the French Etching Club, now open at the Derby Gallery, contains many really fine pictures, almost all the distinguished French artists of the day having contributed works which tend greatly to make the collection both valuable and interesting.

Doré exhibits two large pictures, "The Pine Trees" and "Flowers" which have attracted considerable attention, as being somewhat out of the common run of this celebrated artist's style. In Europe, Doré is looked upon with but little favor as a colorist, his reputation having been principally gained by his admirable drawings on wood, which, without doubt, are wonderfully strong and effective. But here, in America, where art is young and the people are not yet fully educated up to the proper standard of appreciation and criticism, Doré's name alone is sufficient to make any picture talked about and admired, and herein rests our great besetting sin in anything pertaining to the fine arts, name, and not merit, is our great cry, and while we pass by the meritorious works of unnamed artists, the name of Doré, or any other artistic giant, placed in the corner of a canvas will bring us to a dead stop, and with a hem and a haw, added to a profound would-be knowing expression we proceed to laud to the skies a picture which we know in our heart of hearts to be but an indifferent and mediocre production.

Of the two pictures under notice the best is "The Pine Trees." There is a solemn grandeur about it which is quite imposing, but at the same time, the coloring is far from good, a little patch of sky being the great redeeming point in the picture—I can point to some half dozen studies of pines in the studios of New York artists which are as far superior to these as is Nature to art—but then these same studies are by native artists and of course it would be unorthodox for the wise, enlightened and discriminating public to admire them.

Doré's "Flowers" are open to still greater censure than the "The Pine Trees," for in the latter there is at least grandeur, whereas the former is but a trivial subject at the best and the putting it on so large a canvass looks more like a "dodge" of what Palgrave justly calls "the sensational

school," than a true love and appreciation of the higher principals of art. The best things in the picture are the hollyhocks, the tops of the flowers in the middle distance, and the sky—the foreground grasses, scythe, jug, etc., are utterly bad and futile.

Probably the best picture in the exhibition is Marchaux's "Statuette"—that is, best as a piece of color, nothing more, as it is painted in the blotchy French style and beside this possessing but little motive or sentiment—but as a piece of strong, luminous color I have never, if ever, seen it surpassed, and to vary Col. Dumas' favorite saying—"a man who has color at his finger ends must be a painter."

A strangely disagreeable picture is Chiffart's "Marguerite and Mephistopheles," the devilish, ghastly, expression on the face of the arch fiend is absolutely horrible and repulsive in its extreme wickedness.

Tissot shows to great advantage in his "Spring," it being devoid of many of those disagreeable mannerisms which usually mar this artist's pictures; the face of the figure in white is exquisitely painted, possessing a beautifully fleshy appearance, while the blossoms on the trees, although somewhat bordering on the preraphaelite, are still deliciously fresh and pure in color, suggesting strongly the pleasant season of which they are the emblem. His "Danse Macabre" is a subject that has so often been treated by able hands that it attracts but comparatively small notice, and although it possesses many points of of strongly marked character and is pervaded by a quaint and almost horrible feeling of hideous mirth, we are all too familiar with Holbein's wonderful illustrations of the same subject to be particularly impressed with it.

Lefevre's "Sleeping Nymphs" is a fine piece of flesh painting, and although it might shock the delicate nerves of artistic Smythe's, is a very pleasing and attractive picture.

Lambinet contributes three landscapes which are all characterized by the sweet, cool greys in which this artist so much delights. Apropos to Lambinet, there is a picture of his now on exhibition at Schaus' Gallery, which is one of the largest and finest of his works ever on exhibition in this country.

Among the many interior pictures of the exhibition, a branch of art in which the European artists particularly excel, Moorman's "Gallery of Apollo, at the Louvre," is perhaps the finest, displaying a great care and fidelity to nature, and characterized by great delicacy and finish of execution.

A wonderfully realistic picture is Martin's "Hunting Scene," the painting of the trees is something marvellous from its great truthfulness, and, to an artist, would afford days and days of study and observation. The glimpse of distant sky seen through the top of the trees is simply nature.

Mr. Gould, of Boston, has on exhibition at Snedecor's Gallery, 768 Broadway, three busts in marble, called respectively, "Mephistopheles," "Imogen," and "Childhood," which, although possessing many good points, are not the stupendous works of art which the circular would make them out.